

The Saturday Evening Post

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WHOLE No. 180

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FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Songs written on hearing a Robin sing,
Out of grateful praises fire them,
Warble on thy woodnotes gay,
Or love to Him inspire thee,
Wake for Him thy purest lay.

Tune thy throat in welcome strains,
When the night resumes her reign,
And when morn with glory blazes,
Pour off 'tis a grateful strain.
He who smiles, and all creation
Oaws at once the gladdening hour,
He who frowns, 'tis dissolution
Chases for the festive hour.

He who smiles, and spring returning,
Lights your withered plain with green,
Gilds the silver days of morning,
Spangle bright the verdant scene.
Haste thou, Bird, the Lark is weeping,
Autumn's last evening ray,
Have thee far, or Winter sweeping,
Freeze's on thy sig'ry way.

But when spring with smiling mountains,
Scents the buds—budding gear,
And summoms her babbling fountains
Leave their swelling torrents clear.
When she rolls with growing splendor,
Tender radiant orb above,
And when winter's hand surrenders
Her the melting palm of love.
Man alone, so dead to feeling,
Painfitteth thee his poison'd dart,
And compassion's tide congealing,
Bathes commanding thy joyous heart,
Loveliest bird, if Spring delight thee,
Seek yon distant forest wide,
Pensive pity will not slight thee,
Sic will o'er thy fate presage.

Nov. 1823.

TO THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
An angel left the realms of radiant light,
And downward to our planet bent his flight;
His object man to see, to investigate
His virtues, crimes, and subversive state.
At morn he left high heaven, and 'ere the sun
Had told that dull his daily task was done,
On earth the angel rested; and began
To scrutinize the ways of little man.

He saw a tyrant seated on a throne,
The air around was rent with many a groan,
From "injur'd worth and innocence oppressed,"
From fathoms ruin'd, and from wives distress'd.
For worm, indignantly the angel said,
Son will that regal braw in death be laid;
These sighs that now are borne upon the air
Against the quiet heaven's bar will then appear.
He saw a son from an aged parent wife
The teatless breast, by poverty's rude gripe,
Smoothing his passage through a world of woe,
Till death should ease his sufferings here below.

The youth had fled from pleasure to attend
A father's bed, and o'er his sick couch bend!
The angel smil'd, and said, to them is given
Kind filial youth, a home in yonder heaven.
He saw a female drear in silk and gold,
Her form was cast in nature's choicer mould,
He said, a sister angel sure is this,
Some wand'rer from the realms of endless bliss!

Up-hold'd again, he dropp'd a tear and sigh'd,
For she a frail one was, to vice allied;
Alas, he said, 'tis pity one so fair
The pangs of sorrow should forever bear.
He saw a warrior fall in holy fight,
Whose spirit upward took its heavenly flight;
Joy sparkled in the angel's glistening eye,
E'erangly smile when men for freedom die.
He saw a poor man by the proud despis'd,
But who religion's path had dearly pris'd,
Who scornd', to break stern virtue's sacred laws,
To gain a world's unhallowed applause.

The angel gave his benison, and said
Upright one, of me be not afraid,
Heaven would be vacant if th' lowly here
Received not entrance and a welcome there.
He saw a host of Potentates combin'd
To stop the progress of the human mind;
Unhappy men, he cried, ye toil in vain,
Marrow'd heart that reason's light shall reign!
He went to Judah's land, to Calvary,
Where a kind Saviour died mankind to free;
Received not entrance and a welcome there.
He spread his golden wings and soar'd to heaven;
Recorded all he'd seen, and sigh'd to tell,
That sin and sorrow still on earth did dwell.

October 28, 1823.

FRANCIS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

MELANCHOLY.

Who can describe the painful feelings,
When the soul's bereav'd of rest,
And dismal gleams of torture stealing,
Wound the tender feeling breast,
Soul vain would soft compassion paint,
Each gloom and agonizing care,
Oftly sooth each woe's complaint,
Which rends the bosom of despair.
For when dark sorrow veils the heart,
In mournful melancholy gloom,
What tongue can sweet relief impart,
Or pity—sorrow's breast rebuke.
A feeble power on earth remains,
To heal the bitter pangs of grief,
Where darkness and where sorrow reigns,
Tis heaven alone can give relief.

ELLEN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The following is a copy of a fragment, presented to me by a valetudinarian, to whose miseries are superadded much learning and talents like the sentiment and think it would contribute to him, I shall appropriate the original

TO MARY.

Quæcumque post Corazon ardore Maxim,
Sicca domus: ne quid sperare, habebit.
Virg. Eccl. ii. 2.

PARABOLA.

This Parabol accept from me,
From too much on thy face to free;
For a face so sweet as thine,
The sun has scarce a right to shine.
My constant angel must approve,
My form is such that all must love;
What's the form to thy pure heart,
And ev'ry virtue finds a part.

J. A. E.

BRAITH MORNING.

We should endeavor to be contented with every thing, every state, which it is not in our power to remedy. There is no condition so miserable, in which if we please, we cannot find something to be grateful for many sources of contentment. A querulous temper should be immediately resisted; with a little self-command we may in time acquire a habit of patient endurance—Why should we allow ourselves to complain without some prospect of benefit? We cannot hope always for sympathy, and there is danger of rendering ourselves more unhappy, by consequence of wearying others with the repetitions of our petty vexations. After all if we would examine ourselves carefully, we should find, that many subjects of complaint were imaginary. Some think their numerous cares a burden, and murmur that so much of their time must be occupied about trifles, but if they are necessary, they should in the performance of them think themselves in the way of duty, and repine not. Let such reflect, that perhaps they are happier, more useful, than they would be without cares. There are few, we believe, who have serious cause of lamenting that their time is too much occupied.—Any innocent employment is better than idleness, and the man who is constantly engaged will seldom be unhappy. If we cannot find any thing for our hands to do, we may always turn our eyes inward on our own mind, and find profitable employment. We may give to the poor and afflict some of our hours of leisure. Ought we not to be cheerfully submissive at all times, and under all circumstances to the will of our heavenly Father? Let us strive to be contented and grateful from inclination, as well as duty. People are apt to give indulgence to their grief, without making sufficient efforts to control their feelings. We do not know what we are capable of effecting, till we make and persevere in the attempt. So much has been done by our Creator to make us happy, that it seems like disobeying his will to yield to depression. The Christian should present an example of cheerfulness, if it were only to convince others, that he is possessed of a belief and of hope, which support him in every condition. Be not alarmed if you are called by name inestimable. You will be thought an only by those who are ignorant of the "person which passeth understanding," and which a belief in Christianity can alone give.—What are all the pleasures, the vanities of this world, compared with the cheering hopes of the Christian?

DAYS OF OLD.

Forty years ago—Literature meant learning, and was supported by common sense. Refined nonsense had no advocates, and was pretty generally kicked out of doors.

Forty years ago—men of property could labour and wear homespun to church—Women spin and weave, make butter and cheese, whose husbands were worth thousands.

Forty years ago—there were but few merchants in the country—few insolvent debtors, and them very rarely imprisoned for debt.

Forty years ago—the young ladies of the first respectability learned music, but it was the hummin' of the wheel, and learned the necessary steps of dancing in following it. Their forte piano was a loom, their parlour was a broom, and their novels the Bible.

Forty years ago—the young gentlemen bood corn, chopped wood at the door, and went to school in the winter to learn reading, writing and arithmetic.

Forty years ago—there were no such things as balls in the summer, and but few in the winter, except snow-balls.

Forty years ago—if a mechanic promised to do your work, you might depend on his word; the thing would be done.

Forty years ago—when a mechanic had finished his work, he was immediately paid for it; and

Forty years ago—PRINTERS were paid, and were enabled to pay their debts.—What a falling off!

FROM BURLEY'S HUSBANDY.

General Cautions in Country Cookery.

Soups are never to be filled up, or have even a drop of water, hot or cold, added; and are never to boil briskly. They are not to be long over the fire, simmering rather than boiling.—And soups having roots or herbs, are to have the meat laid on the pan, with a good lump of butter. The herbs and roots being cut small are laid on the meat. It is then covered close, and set on a very slow fire.—This draws out all the virtue of the roots and herbs, and turns out a good gravy with a fine flavor, from what it would be if the water were put in at first. When the gravy is almost dried up, then fill your pan with water; and when it begins to boil, take off the fat.—Never boil fish, but only simmer, till done enough. Beef quickly boiled is thereby hardened; simmer or slow boil it, in not too much water. Cover and boil slow as possible, skimming the water clean. In baking pies, a quick oven, well closed, prevents falling of the crust.

Wasteful and indolent people overlook calculation; and too many may think but little of the wholesome and nourishing qualities of food.—But there are well informed and most actively good men recommending to the world the results of much inquiry and experience therein. However lightly may be the thought of a cent on a single meal of victuals, yet, when the sum of a year's meals is calculated, for a person, a family, and a nation, it becomes striking and important. A cent for a meal amounts to three cents a day.

One person, at three cents a day, saves in the year, \$1.

One family of five persons, \$55.

A nation of five millions of people, \$5,000,000 dollars.

The cent thus saved by the good house-wife,

on every plentiful meal of the wholesomest food,

would be sufficient for maintaining the most de-

perate war by the freemen of America, in defence

of their country against the wiles and violences

of the great enlightened world.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A shepherd, who inhabited one of those valleys or gorges which intersect the Grampian mountains, is one of his excursions to look after his flock, happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant of three years old. This is not an unusual practice among the Highlanders, who accustomed their children from their earliest infancy to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pasture for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of mounting a craggy at some distance to have a wider extended view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return. Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the hollow was darkened by one of those impenetrable mists which frequently descend so rapidly amid those mountains, in the space of a few minutes, almost to two day to night. The anxious father instantaneously took back to find his child's outwelling to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation, he unfortunately missed his way in the descent.—After a fruitless search of many hours, he discovered that he had reached the bottom of the valley, and was near his own cottage. To remove the child that night was equally foolish and dangerous, he was therefore compelled to go alone, although he had lost both his child and his dog, who had led him faithfully for many years. Next morning, by break of day, the shepherd, accompanied by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled by the approach of night to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog which he had lost the day before, had been home and was receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search of his child, and still, on returning home disappointed, in the evening, he found that the dog had been home, and was receiving his usual allowance of cake, and had instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him, and find out the cause of this strange procedure. The dog led the way to a craggy at some distance from the spot where the shepherd left his child. The banks of the craggy are almost joined and yet separated by an abyss of immeasurable depth, prevented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains. Known of me rugged, and almost perpendicular descents, the dog lagged, without hesitation, to make his way, and at last disappeared by entering into a cave, the mouth of which was almost level with the torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed; but on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating with much satisfaction the cake which the dog had just brought him; while the faithful animal stood by, eying his young charge with the utmost complacency! From the situation in which the child was found, it appeared that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrabbled down till he reached the cave. The dog by means of his scent had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented his master from starving him by giving up to him his own daily allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for fuel; and though the master was running as full speed to and from the cottage.

MISCHIEFS.

To be compelled to listen to the story of an honest man who has been unfortunate, and not to possess the means of relieving his distress.—A fall heart and an empty pocket!

To be dummed by a wretch who stands before you with each fist resting upon money in his pockets; while you are full of honour, but empty of cash! feeling a painful desire to kick him down stairs, but constrained to smile and to treat him with courtesy for the sake of those who look to you for bread—Oh misery most refined!

Passing along the street in attendance upon a lady who speaks so loud as to leave you in a confusion of doubts, to know whether she is addressing the world or yourself—speaking to the public, or mildly replying in your private ear.—No small misery.

At an exhibition, to be seated behind the portentous screen of a Leghorn, or the total eclipse of a dandy's dozen capes, and compelled to stretch your neck another joint—looking ever afterwards as if you had been hanged!

Possessing a nice "musical ear," and to be doomed by untying custom, to listen to your favorite song murdered by some tasteless owl, with a coffee-mill voice!—How must a professed amateur feel under such circumstances?

Trudging along beneath the burning glare of an August sun, to be blinded by dust; especially if it proceeds from the wheels of coach bearing on its airy springs a man whom you feel convinced better deserves the most conspicuous place in the cart of Jack Ketch!—Money, like screws, will raise the heaviest substances.

While in the act of sitting down to a comfortable tête-à-tête with your wife, over a delicious repast of oysters, the child, who had been quietly croaked, suddenly wakes from a sound sleep, and by its incessant squalling, mars all your anticipated enjoyment. How must an epicure feel in such a dilemma.

In a letter to gen. Knox, written after the termination of the revolutionary war, Washington observes—"strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that it is not till lately I could get the better of my usual custom of ruminating, as soon as I awoke in the morning, on the business of the ensuing day; and of my surprise at finding, after reviewing many things in my mind, that I was no longer a public man, or had any thing to do with public transactions."

BALON BLEUMEN.

After General Arnold treacherously deserted his post at West Point, the Baron never failed to manifest his indignation and abhorrence of his name and character, and while inspecting colonel Sheldon's regiment of light horse, the name of Arnold struck his ear.

The soldier was ordered to ride to the front, he was a fine looking fellow, his horse and equipments in excellent order—"Change your name, brother soldier, you are too respectable to bear the name of a traitor!"—"What name shall I take, general?"—"Take any other name, mine is at your service." Most cheerfully was the offer accepted, and his name was entered on the roll as Sheldon. He or his children now enjoy land given to him in the town of Steinbeck by the Baron.

"This brave soldier met him after the war, "I am well settled, general," said he, "and have a wife and son. I called my son after you, Sir."—"I thank you my friend, what name have you given to your boy?" "I called him Baron; what else could I call him?"

At the siege of Yorktown the Baron was in the trenches at the head of the division, and received the first ovation of Lord Cornwallis to capitulate. At the reliving hour next morning, the Marquis de Lafayette approached at the head of his division, to relieve him. The Baron refused to quit the trenches, assigning as a reason the etiquette in Europe, that the officer to capitulate had been made during his tour of duty, and that it was a point of honor of which he would not deprive his troops, to remain in the trenches till the capitulation was signed or hostilities commenced. The dispute was referred to the commander-in-chief, and the Baron was permitted to remain till the British flag was struck. When on this day the Baron perceived himself in danger from a shell thrown from the enemy, threw himself suddenly into the trench; Gen. Wayne in the jockey and hurry of the moment fell over him the Baron, turning his eyes, saw it was his brigadier. "I always knew you were brave, general," said he, "but did not know you were so perfect, in every point of duty; you come your general's retreat in the best manner possible."

The Baron was rough as the ocean in a storm, when great faults were committed; but if, in a sudden gust of passion, he had injured, the audience was ample & redoubt, that of a review near Brighton, a laud, Gibbons, a brave and good officer, was arrested on the spot, and ordered into the rear, for a fault which it afterwards appeared another had committed; as a proper moment, the commander of the regiment came forward and informed the Baron of his mistake, consequences of his words, and his master's feelings under this mortified disgrace. "Desire Lieut. Gibbons to come to the front, colonel" "Sir" said the Baron to the young gentleman; the Lieut. which was made, by throwing the line into confusion, might in the presence of an enemy, have been fatal. I arrested you as its supposed author, but I have reason to believe that I was mistaken, and that in this instance you were blameless; I ask your pardon by any, much less by any other officer as an officer is so respectable." All this passed with the Baron's hat off, and side parading on his venerable head!—Do you think there was an officer, a soldier who saw it, unmoved by affection or respect? Not me."

MADAME CATALANA.—There can scarcely be a greater illustration of the extraordinary and powerful effect of the voice of this wonderful performer in the national song of "Rule Britannia," than the following circumstance. Some years ago, as Captain Montague was cruising off the coast of Brighton, he gave a brilliant salute on board his frigate, to which, with many other ladies, Madame Catalana was invited. The Captain went in his launch on shore, manned by more than twenty men, to escort the ladies on board. The fair freight was soon embarked, and the boat was cutting its way simply through the waves in the ship, when Madame Catalana, without any previous notice, and with all her immense power, commenced the air of "Rule Britannia." Had a voice from the great deep spoken, the effect could not have been more instantaneous or more powerful. The sailors not knowing whom they were rowing, were so astonished, and at the same time so enchanted into admiration, that they with one accord raised upon their oars, while tears trembled in the eyes of many of them. "You see Madame," said the Captain, "the effect which their favorite air has upon these brave seamen, above all when it is sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many victorious battles, but I have never felt any excitement equal to the present." On arriving on board, the sailors who had been in the boat spoke so highly of the treat they had received to their comrades, that one and all of them entreated Madame Catalana to repeat the song. She complied with the request with an increased effort, and with so much good nature, that when she quitted the ship, they cheered her until she reached the shore.

NEW JERSEY.

On the 17th of April, 1702, the proprietors of East New Jersey, and of West New Jersey, surrendered their right of government to Queen Anne, and the two provinces unitedly assumed the original name, New Jersey. The Governors of New-York were appointed the Governors of this Province, from the time of the surrender, to the year 1738. The following are the names of those who have officiated in that capacity, from 1702, to the present period, with the years in which each were appointed:

Edward Viscount Cornbury	1702
John Lovelace	1703
Richard Ingoldsby	1709
Robert Hunter	1710
William Burnet	1720</td

denied either New-York city bank paper, or note on New-York, or specie. The former, under these circumstances, and without much risk of trouble, enables them to carry their funds in the place of traffic, and turn their capital into, which is a great diminution in trade, and supposed to yield a profit of 8 per cent.

Advisers from the Cape of Good Hope, have been invited in London, to the 14th of July.—A report just reached the Cape, that a numerous warring tribe, or more properly a nation, one on the way North, whose course was marked with the greatest cruelty and devastation. They had advanced as far as Kaffir Land, which borders the Eastern, destroying every thing they encounter, and sparing neither man, woman, nor child; in fact, it is said, they have a flight of locusts, which ravage every thing they rest on. The people inhabiting this nation, are said to be of a much lighter colour than the native Africans, and are reported to be descendants of some Europeans who were cast on the coast of Africa. They are well armed, and much better equipped than the aborigines of their country. The Governor of Indianapo-
lis was about forty years ago, and many of the crew were. These are supposed to have made their powerful tribe, whence sprung this report, however, were by some exaggerated.

On the morning of Monday, the 27th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Ballard, countess of Captain Beaufort, his Excellency of Gates County, (N. C.) rose about the dawn of day, and after conversing a few moments with her father, Mr. Robert Biddle, at whose house she was on a visit with her husband, stepped into a room where several of the family were sleeping, took a gun, left the house unperceived, and in instant the report was heard. The alarm drew the family to the door, within a few steps of which, her body was discovered wretchedly in blood. It is supposed that she applied her toe to the trigger, and put the muzzle of the gun close to her throat, and the load having passed entirely through, which caused her death instantaneously.

A Flock's Impudence.—About six weeks ago, the store of Captain Kingsbury at New-York, was robbed of various articles of merchandise. Last week it was entered again in the night season, and on the back of a letter directed to Captain Kingsbury, the following message was written and left by the robbers.—"The Devil's compliment to the captain, and informs him that he has taken nothing this time except a jug of brandy, two silver spoons, and a pair of silver candlesticks—but the next time, he will take the captain himself."

England & S. America.—In noticing the appointment by the British government, of Consuls to the new states of South America, the Liverpool Courier of the 1st ult. remarks.—"Humanity as to those countries themselves, a strict political justice, and proper respect for our commercial interests, impel and sanction the most prompt and decisive measures on our part. Whether they may ultimately involve us with France is another question. This is not improbable, should Spain be subdued, but we are to look now at what we owe ourselves. Let government pursue the plain straight forward path of doing what is right, and the nation will never be backward to rally round it, and meet the consequences."

A letter received at Charleston, mentions the arrival at Havana, of a Spanish brig from Malaga, which port she left on the 1st September, having on board a large number of Friars, sent off by Gen. Riego.—When they were landed at Havana, the boys hooted at them and pelted them with stones; nor could the populace be quieted until the strangers cried out, "Viva la Constitution!"—when they were allowed to proceed to their lodgings unmolested.

Mr. Beaumont, editor of the "Trifler," a paper published at Kingston, Jamaica, has been tried on an information for a libel on the Duke of Manchester, Governor of that Island. The report of the trial exhibits a striking proof of judicial arrogance as we have ever seen. The defendant in person concluded his defence, after a thousand interruptions, and was repeatedly cheered on his acquittal by the jury. The Judge and Attorney General were pelted with stones and brick-bats on their return from Court in their carriages.

NOVEL SUIT.—A writ was issued last week, (says the Galaxy,) against the managers of the Boston theatre, in favour of James Allen, Esq. to recover one thousand dollars, in consequence of being deprived of a seat which he claimed in the theatre on Wednesday evening. Mr. Allen had purchased a ticket in Box No. 19, for Monday evening. Mr. Cooper not having arrived in proper season to perform as had been announced, several persons, and among the rest, Mr. Allen, saw fit to retain their tickets. On Tuesday and Wednesday, (according to the usage in such cases) the managers advertised, that the places taken for Monday night, and not occupied, would be retained for the persons who had taken them till 11 o'clock on Wednesday morning, and that all such places, not retaken by that time, would be sold to whosoever might apply. Without avail-
ing himself of this notice, Mr. Allen claimed and took his place in No. 19, on Wednesday evening; considerable alteration occurred in consequence between him and the gentleman who had subsequently taken the box. At the end of the second act, they succeeded in excluding Mr. A. who appealed to one of the managers. He was told he might take a seat wherever he could find one vacant, but had no right to claim one which had been sold for that evening. Mr. A. not being satisfied, the manager directed the box-keeper to pay him back his dollar, which he took and departed. The suit above-mentioned was instituted the next day.

Cannibal.—We are told by the Greenfield Gazette, that Mr. Willard Bridges, a respectable young man in Deerfield, (Mass.) was killed on the 8th ult., in a most shocking manner. He was working at a machine constructed for teasing cloth, when by some means his foot was caught by the band, which passes over the principal perpendicular wheel, so that he could not extricate himself. In this situation he was carried round by the wheel several times, his head in each revolution being struck against the floor with such violence as to be heard a considerable distance, and to induce his wife to suppose she heard the report of a gun. It was some time before the machinery could be stopped, and then life had departed.—His head was literally bruised to a jelly.

Mr. Robert Miller, on his return from Kentucky to Centre County, Pa. was robbed on the 5th inst. near Blair's Gap, of the sum of \$5,300, by two men dressed in blue clothes. We observe a reward of \$500 offered in the Harrisburg Commonwealth, by Messrs. Valentine & Thomas, of Bellefonte, for the apprehension of the villains, or either of them, and the recovery of the money, which consisted of notes of the Bank United States, Virginia and Pennsylvania, and bills of \$5 and \$10 on the Auburn Bank of New-York.

TRUE MAGAZINER.—Just after Capt. Charles Morris left Portsmouth to take his seat at the Navy Board, to which he has been recently appointed, his article appeared in one of the Portsmouth papers and was copied into the National Intelligencer, in which, from a desire to extol Capt. Morris, as it would seem, the merit of Com. Hull was rather underrated, in the action between the Constitution and the Guerriere. Upon seeing this article in the Intelligencer, Capt. Morris wrote the following letter to Messrs. Gales & Seaton; it is a noble exhibition of high-minded sentiment; and, as the editors of the Intelligencer justly observe, "however great the merit of Capt. Morris in the action referred to, it did not do him more honor as a man, than the promptitude and frankness with which he has now done justice to the character of Com. Hull."

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29, 1823.

To Messrs. Gales & Seaton,

Gentlemen.—While on my way to this place, I noticed a paragraph, taken from a Portsmouth paper of the 16th inst. (and which I find republished in your paper of the 23d inst.), that contains an undeserved compliment to myself, and detracts from the justly acquired fame of Commodore Hull, in the capture of the Guerriere by the Constitution.

As this paragraph, from its inaccuracy, may affect, in the minds of some, the reputation of Commodore Hull, I beg leave publicly to disclaim any other merit, or that notoriety, than is properly due an officer in the subordinate situation I hold, and with pleasure avail myself of this opportunity of stating that Com. Hull displayed, on that occasion, in a very eminent degree, all the requisites of a cool, brave and skilful commander, and that he is justly entitled to all the merit which the uncertain issue of the action can deserve.

C. MORRIS.

The following calculation is by Mr. Degrandi and is well worthy the attention of every economist:

"Two Argand Lamps, which consume each a gill of Spermaceti Oil, being in all 2 cents worth of Sperm Oil in an evening, spread as much light as twenty mould tallow Candles, (weighing five lbs.) would, and these candles would burn down one half in the course of the evening: which at the present low price of Candles, viz. 12 cts. per lb. makes them cost 30 cents for the 24 lb. consumed."

"Even if the tallow was given you, is it not doubtful whether it would not be cheaper to burn Sperm Oil, than to pay for the tallow and the manufacturing of the tallow candles."

Evening Post.

PHILADELPHIA.

Saturday, November 15, 1823.

A CARD.—Doctress ATLES, Senior, finds it necessary thus publicly to notice, in order to allay the trouble of being frequently accosted in the street, or elsewhere, that the advertisement in Pouson's paper of his intended Lecture before the Medical Society, was not inserted by him, or with his knowledge. It is customary for one of the Senior members of that Society to lecture on some Medical subject, every night of meeting, and one of the Committee having called on me to know if I was prepared to lecture at the next meeting, and being answered in the affirmative, had the notice inserted, in pursuance of a rule of the society, and dated it in his own way—so that the offensive word "Saturday," is not chargeable to the Doctor. This he hopes will suffice.

We have this day given copious details of the news received by late arrivals—they are of a nature highly interesting and important. The surrender of Cadiz, an event now confirmed beyond doubt, has entirely dispelled the hopes that have been entertained of the eventual success and triumph of liberal and enlightened principles. It remains to be seen to what length this system of usurpation and tyranny will now be carried—

Emboldened by success, the army of the Faith,

and the Holy Alliance at their head, will doubtless persevere in suppressing every remaining spark of liberty; and Spain, degraded into sub-

mission, with a foreign army of forty thousand men to watch over and compel her obedience,

will operate as a powerful example against any further attempt at introducing a spirit of equality and independence. As it is we can but hope for the best; but the time will be far distant, we fear, before the philanthropist and patriot will be permitted to indulge a prospect so flattering to the best feelings of our nature, as that which lately presented itself, but which pusillanimity, bribery, treachery, and cowardice, have now lost to them forever.

Among our articles of foreign intelligence, it

will be seen that Greece, aspiring, fearless Greece,

is advancing rapidly to a state of independence

and happiness; and that, though Spain may have

disappointed the hopes of her friends, the Greeks

are realizing the fondest expectations—and after

a long, bloody and obstinate struggle, with lit-

tle or no assistance, they have succeeded in oppressing their Turkish tyrants, and are now about taking that exalted rank among the nations of the earth, which their bravery, integrity and sufferings in the cause of freedom, eminently entitle them to. We perceive the "Christian Nations," after looking on, if not with indifference, at least with a degree of tameness and acquiescence equally astonishing and culpable, have now, that victory is theirs, come to the determination of interfering in behalf of the Greeks. We could almost wish this "interference" might meet that reception its tardiness would seem to deserve—but war has been so long ravaging the territories of this interesting nation, and spreading its desolation and misery around, that every friend to humanity must fervently desire, that peace should be obtained as speedily, and, at the same time, as securely as possible, to afford an opportunity of reviving her wasted and depopulated shores.

OBSERVER.

COMMUNICATION.

"The Spy; or, the Victim of Fidelity."

On Wednesday evening next, a new Drama, ne-

ver performed, entitled, "The Spy; or the Victim of Fidelity," and written by a gentleman of this city, will be produced at the City Theatre. The Melo Drama is founded on the popular novel of the "Spy," and is totally different in plot and in incident, to the one that has been performed by the name of the "Spy; or, a tale of the Neutral Ground"—being so, we hope a generous public, will not be backward in discerning whether or not it has the same claim to attention.

The evening's entertainment, and positively the

last night of the company's performance, prior to

their departure for Harrisburg, are for the benefit

of Mr. King, a gentleman of erudition and talents.

T.

The fast sailing ship Minerva, captain Maxwell,

arrived at New-York, on the 14th instant, from

Liverpool, bringing papers to the 20th October,

two days later than her last account—they con-

tained notices of importance. The Minerva has only been forty-five days absent from port—she has made two voyages to Liverpool and back in the short period of 5 months and 17 days.

Two noble spirited gentlemen have purchased the scion of Washington Hall in this city, which, it will be remembered, was destroyed by fire on the eve of St. Patrick's day, in March last. They have handsomely determined to erect thereon, a building that will conduce to public convenience, by furnishing an exhibition and concert room, about 27 feet by 65. The repairs of the Mansion House Hotel adjacent are completed, and the establishment will be speedily opened as an hotel, with extensive accommodations.

The President of the United States returned to Washington city for his winter residence, on the 1st instant.

All the Secretaries of Departments and other principal officers of the government are at their posts, except Mr. Crawford, who is expected daily, having, when last heard from, reached the seat of Mr. Madison.

The Legislature of Pennsylvania, will meet at Harrisburg, on the 1st Tuesday of December, and John Andrew Shultz, Governor elect, will be installed into office on the Tuesday following.

NEW-JERSEY LEGISLATURE.

The House of Assembly, have decided against a-journed session, by a large majority.

It is generally understood that there is a considerable majority in the Assembly, in favor of reducing the legal interest of money to 6 per cent, and it is quite probable that an act for this purpose will pass both houses.

There is some talk of investing the School Fund, in the contemplated Canal through the State, from Delaware to the Hudson; and of undertaking this enterprise at the risk of the State.

The application of the Salem Steam Mill and Banking Company, for further time to erect their Steam Mill, has been under discussion and decided, some time in the house during the last week. The principal opponents of the bill were Messrs. Ewing, White and Elmer, who spoke at length upon the subject; Mr. Hayton from Salem, replied at length and with ability, to all the arguments urged against the bill. It finally passed, granting in part, the object of the petitioners, allowing one year additional time to erect the Steam Mill.

Offices of the Federal Gazette, 2 Harrison, N. Y. 13.

COLOMBIA—PORTO CABELO.

By the arrival in this port of the Colombian brig of war Eastas, after a tedious and boisterous passage from La Guaya, we learn that early in October the besieging army under General Pez, with Genl. Bermudez second in command, had made considerable progress in the attack upon Porto Cabello. The town and all the approaches had been forced to retire to the fortresses in the Island, upon which a battery of twenty four guns and two thirteen inch mortars played almost incessantly. On the 5th of October a division of two thousand men, under the command of Colonel Lester, marched from Caracas to reinforce the besieging army, and Captain Gifford, of the Eagle, speaks of these troops in terms of the highest admiration as to their appearance and discipline.

Two ships of war already blockaded the harbour of Porto Cabello, and a naval expedition, to attack the place by sea, was fitting out at La Guaya and Camana. The ship which had arrived from Holland, is to lead in the expedition—She is a fine ship, one of those built by Napoleon, and carries sixty guns.

Lient. Col. the Hon. Leopold Stanhope, has left London for the Mopos, to tender his services to the Greeks. It is stated that several others would soon follow this gentleman in his meritorious expedition.

The Burlington (Vermont) Sentinel, of Friday last, announces the arrival at that port, among a number of other vessels, of the ship Gleaner, from Troy, with a cargo of merchandise. Passengers, a gentleman and lady of that town, who left Liverpool on the 6th of September, and have performed the whole distance of their journey by means of a water communication!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TO GOODACHE.

Hail, son of Science! long inur'd

To tour aloft, from world to world,

Amid the starry sky,

Thy flight I view with sweet surprise,

And on thy pinions fair would rise,

'Till taught like thee to fly.

Then, thru' the boundless fields of space,

Where worlds unnumber'd roll space,

And blazing comets shine,

Like thee, with awe profound I'll view,

The wonders of the ethereal blue,

And own their source divine.

B.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THINGS AS THEY SHOULD BE.—No. II.

The treatment of strangers by our citizens, is exemplary. Even our boys are careful on every occasion to vie with the youth of Sparta. No crowding nor straining after them is noticed, and they had rather lose the use of their tongues, than use abusive language, even to a Turk. This praiseworthy deference to strangers is greatly owing to the unremitting labours of our Society for the suppression of vice and immorality, and to the praiseworthy vigilance of our officers of police, who bring to condign punishment all offenders against the sacred laws of hospitality, without respect to persons: not to mention the care of parents generally to instil into the minds of children, the heavenly doctrine of doing unto all men as we would they should do unto us.

The Legislature of our state, it is supposed, in order effectively to put down the small remains of dishonesty still perceptible amongst us, contemnate repealing, at their next session, the Ban-

ner Law, thus enabling the community to live

on their earnings. It is rumoured also that they

intend to disqualify for holding any office of honour or profit, any magistrate who shall fraudulently take the benefit of the present Act of insolvency.

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their departure for Harrisburg, are for the benefit

of Mr. King, a gentleman of erudition and talents.

T.

Deaths during the past week.

ADULTS. CHILD. TOTAL.

In Philadelphia, 45 36 81

In New York, 36 28 64

